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Normalia [April 1893]

St. Cloud State University

Bessie Cambell.

APRIL, 1893.

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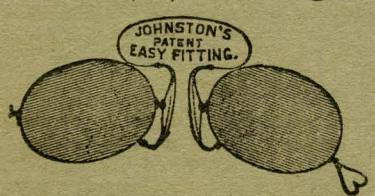

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THE NORMALIA.

VOLUME II. ST. CLOUD, MINN., APRIL, 1893. NUMBER VIII.

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NOTICE.

Former students, friends, and especially members of the Alumni Association are invited to send articles for publication.

Subscribers will receive the Normalia until notice of discontinuance is given and all arrearages are paid.

A blue mark here (✓) *means that your subscription has expired.*

Subscribers should notify the business manager of any change in their address, also if the paper fails to appear.

Editorial.

POSITIVELY OUR LAST APPEARANCE.

After having ground out editorials for a year and an issue, editorials that were warranted to fit the column, editorials that were exactly five hundred words long, we at last lay down the indellible pencil and leave the floor for abler "speakers."

To one not initiated, the pleasure of writing eleven and one-half inches of NORMALIA monthly, cannot be appreciated. An *a priori* appreciation of the afflatus which has guided and cheered us is inadequate.

In our last issue (not this one but the other last one) we remember murmuring a (feint) good-bye. But since that time fate has decreed that we shall return and say good-bye some more. The newly elected staff positively refuses to take control of this issue, so rather than to see the play stop we step into the breech and be "goat." We offer as an excuse for what is to follow, that whatever be the crime we commit, it is entirely unpremeditated; whatever shooting we do is entirely off-hand.

It is good for one to be editor for a time; it cultivates the virtue of patience. You get quite an opportunity to exercise it. Subscribers often wonder why the paper is late, the editor often wonders why that promised article does not come in. Thus the feeling of wonder is cultivated. The business manager hopes that the subscription list will grow, that advertisers will come and beg for space. Thus hope, the anchor of the soul, is indulged in. There is not a virtue that ye editor does not cultivate, or rather, have an opportunity to cultivate.

But to be serious. We now have a paper started, it has been demonstrated that it can be maintained. Our business manager has, through his energy and skill, left us with a balance on the right side of the account. We have a newly elected staff who are both capable and determined, but they can do nothing without the support of the school. It is our duty to subscribe and to furnish material for the paper. We can speak for

the retiring staff that we will render all the assistance of which we are capable. If we have learned anything from experience we will gladly make our experience yours. We predict that the NORMALIA will prosper.

* * *

With all the training that a Normal school can give, with all the theory, excellent in itself, that can be acquired, with all the ability to artistically put into practice that which is acquired, still that teacher is a failure who has not sympathy.

By sympathy we do not mean gush or a silly sentimentality that is not exacting in its requirements, but a power of appreciating, and even in a manner enjoying, the foibles of the pupil. A sense similiar to that of the great novelist Dickens, "The touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." No control is equal to a sympathetic control. To govern wisely one must for the time being put himself in the position of the governed, he must do this to understand them. We love one who understands us, and also we love those whom we understand. Almost everybody has his good points, and to gain an influence over one for good these must be appreciated. How many parents have been estranged from their children, how many children have forsaken the roof-tree from lack of an understanding, and from an unsatisfied thirst for appreciation? A teacher must learn his pupils before he can teach them properly.

Convicts who are not known by name, but by number are sullen, sour and disheartened. Pupils upon returning to school long to be remembered. This feeling may degenerate into a love for notoriety, but that does not prove the feeling wrong. It should be properly cultivated and used as an avenue through which to reach the individual. No one cares to lose his identity in any system, no matter how excellent that system may be. In order to reach the individual the feeling for him must be gnnuine. But says one, "can this feeling be genuine when it is not natural to me?" If this genuine feeling is entirely wanting in you, you had better never be a teacher or a parent. If its germ is not wanting, and it rarely is, you can cultivate it; but how? Here is a recipe: Study the individual narrowly, try to find in him something that is lovable. You will not search in vain. The proper feeling will come of its own accord and will react upon and create a desire to know more and feel more of the pupil's life. Life must touch life and create life. Where a mutual understanding and a confidence is established between teacher and pupil, the battle is won. A teacher will treat generously and wisely the mistakes of the pupil, for they will contain nothing of malice. The pupil will with equal generosity overlook and excuse any mistake the teacher may make, and what one of us does not stand in need of this generous-heartedness?

Literary.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

BY LAURA A. KNOTT.

It was the privilege of the writer to spend a week in the summer of '92 in visiting friends in Northern New Hampshire, twelve miles from the base of Mt. Washington. It was early in August, when Nature is at her best in that lovely region. The mountains were clothed in a beautiful rich green below, and above looked purple or dark blue in the distance; for the White Mountains are not *white*, not in the least. They are said to have received their name from the early New England settlers, from the fact that they are covered with snow half the year.

We started from Boston on our pilgrimage to the White Mountains. Crossing the Charles river, between Charleston and Cambridge, we speed through dozens of beautiful suburban villages which are found in such numbers in every direction around Boston. Now and then bright lakes diversify the landscape, and craggy hills roll away on either hand. We pass through many towns filled with historic interest; first,

Andover, famed for its Congregational divinity school; next, Lawrence, one of the most beautiful of the manufacturing towns of New England. Here are located the Pacific mills, the largest in the world. For half an hour the train follows the Merrimac river, with its bright waters and white sands glistening in the sunlight. Next we come to Haverhill, the birth-place of Whittier, and celebrated by him in many a song. Leaving the Merrimac, the train is soon in New Hampshire, and rushes through several farming towns to Exeter, the famous academy village. Here we change cars and reach Dover, just beyond which point the White Mountain train leaves the main line.

This train is provided with an observation car, having large, open windows, and easy, movable chairs in place of the usual seats. All the scenery along this route of 40 or 50 miles is intensely interesting, being hilly and very rocky. But the exciting part of the trip comes when we pass through the "Notch," a deep or narrow gorge, or chasm, between opposite mountains. The two miles of the Maine Central railroad which extends through the Notch is one of the greatest triumphs of engineering skill to be found in America. The road winds in and out along the sides of the mountain, sometimes crossing trestles dizzily elevated in mid-air, and again hastening through immense cuts. Away down in the valley to our right bubbles the little Saco river, bearing seaward the waters of hundreds of mountain streams. As we approached the Notch every passenger had an expectant air, and each one tried to get as good a position as possible for viewing the grand scenery which we were about to pass. The train officials are very accommodating and permit passengers to stand on the platform of the rear car, from which point the tourist has the best and most unobstructed view. I hardly see why this is allowed, for we passed many places where a fall from the car would have hurled one to certain destruction in the chasm below. Our party secured excellent places on this platform, and if there was a little risk in it, we felt repaid for it. Nowhere else did we get such a good idea of the White Mountains as here. The obliging brakesman told us the names of all the mountains as we passed them, and pointed out all places of interest, telling us the stories connected with them.

One of the most interesting places we passed was the Willey house, away below in the valley at the foot of Willey Mountains. The house has stood there probably for a hundred years, and is called the Willey house though the whole Willey family perished at one stroke on a terrible night many years ago. Every traveler is told the story:

The Willey house was the favorite tavern in this part of the country ninety years ago. In August, 1826, occurred a terrible mountain storm, when the clouds seemed to break like water spouts, and hurled vast areas of land and forest into the valley below. Such an avalanche came crashing down toward the Willey house, and the terrified inmates all rushed out of the house hoping to find safety outside. The avalanche was averted from the house by a projecting rock, which caused the slide to part just above the house and join below it. Every member of the family perished, but the house was not touched.

These land slides are quite common among the mountains and many lives have been lost in this way. From a point just beyond this place we came to an opening in the mountains where we obtained our first glimpse of Mt. Washington. This view is said to be one of the finest to be had of that famous mountain.

Finally we were through the Notch and arrived at "Crawford's," the first of the famous White Mountain hotels. The railroad stations are here named from the hotel of the place. The Crawford House is a fine structure, nineteen hundred feet above the sea. Aour miles further on is Fabyan's, a huge caravansary standing bare and naked in a great opening of cleared ground. This is one of the finest of the White Mountain hotels. These hotels are all controlled by a syndi-

cate, which has driven all competitors out of the race. Their charges are $4.50 and $5 per day, and they assume all the metropolitan airs of the most fashionable hotels of New York or Boston. This urbrn civilization forms a strange contrast to the primeval forest which stretches away on all sides. Many a New England youth earns his way through college by waiting on tables in these hotels during the summer.

The White Mountains consist of a purely woodland tract, practically uninhabited during the winter months, and untenanted even in summer, save by the tourist public and the people who minister to their wants in these mammoth hotels. There are no villages, or very few, and all is unbroken wilderness except these hotels which stand in their little clearings, looking lovely, indeed, standing out against the mountain sides.

The White Mountains consist of several ranges, or groups, the central one being the Presidental range, so called from the fact that the names of a number of the presidents have been given to the different peaks. It extends from Mt. Madison to Mt. Webster, in a southwest direction, culminating in Mt. Washington, which is six thousand three hundred feet high. To the south are the Franconian Mountains, and various other groups are found in all directions. The region is traversed from end to end by great lines of railway.

One feature of this region, which is probably common to all mountain regions, is the perfectly pure, clear water. It gushes out from rocks along the wayside, and is everywhere abundant and always almost ice-cold. I have never tasted such water any where else, and could hardly get enough of it. The streams here are so delightfully clear and cool. The air is fresh and invigorating and it is seldom too warm for comfort. The air is so clear that mountains many miles away look to be almost within a stone's throw.

The great feature of the trip to White Mountains is the ascent of Mt. Washington. The inclined railway by which the ascent is made has been in operation since 1869, and is the model for the similar railroads in the Alps and other mountain regions. The total length of the line is about three miles. A locomotive and one car constitute a train, and the engine pushes the car instead of pulling it. The engines are queer, awkward stout looking machines, all off the perpendicular when at rest. They climb the steep mountain by means of heavy cog-wheels locking into a third rail in the middle of the track and furnished with cog-teeth. The locomotive thus climbs a sort of a ladder, the side rails merely guiding and supporting its weight. There were five trains running the day we were there, each train carrying about fifty people. Only one trip a day is made, and the trains follow each other at intervals of about ten minutes. They go very slowly; not as fast as a person can walk, The track spans endless gorges, on light, frail-looking trestles; there are no cuts, no grading at all has been done, and all unevenness is overcome by these trestles. The highest and longest trestle bears the suggestive name of "Jacob's Ladder."

To one who, for the first time, sees one of these trains climb a mountain, it seems utterly impossible that it can be safe. But it undoubtedly is, as no accident has ever happened on this road. I believe that it was on a Mt. Washington train that a nervous old lady inquired of the conductor, "Conductor, if any of the machinery in the engine should break, where would we go to?" "Madam," said he, "in that case we would use a brake which would hold the train in perfect safety." "But if that brake should give way, where would we go to?" "If that brake should give way we have another brake which we would use." "But if that brake should give way, where would we go to?" persisted the old lady, and received the same answer. The seventh time, in answer to her question, "If that brake should give way, where would we go to?" the conductor replied: "Madam, that would depend very much upon what kind of a life you have lived."

For the first mile or so up the mountain the flowers are very abundant and beautiful, but they become fewer and fewer, until up toward the top none are to be fonnd except the mountain sandwart, a beautiful, fragile little white flower. Here almost all vegetation has disappeared and nothing is to be seen except great piles of broken rock. All looks bare and desolate, and anything but beautiful. Yet there is a sublimity about it all and a feeling of awe comes over you as you think of the force that must have been used in heaving up this mass. One instinctively feels that it would not be well to be caught in a storm anywhere about here. From base to summit, along the railroad, there is not a house or any building except the railway water tanks; no sign of civilization anywhere.

As we neared the summit a wave from Greenland seemed to strike us. The wind blew terrifically and the thermometer must have been down almost to freezing point. The heaviest wraps hardly kept us warm. On the summit are a number of buildings, the largest of which is the Summit House, owned by the same syndicate which controls Crawford's and Fabyan's. It accommodates about one hundred and fifty people and is heated throughout by steam.

On the summit is also the office of a daily paper, "Among The Clouds," where you can see a paper printed among or often above the clouds. The paper always contains the names of the arrivals of the day and is sold to them at ten cents per copy.

The United States government has also established here a signal station of the U. S. weather service where men are employed during all the months of the year to take observations. At the time we were there an electric light plant was in process of construction. A light was to be produced so powerful that it could be seen distinctly for a radius of thirty miles. It was to be arranged so tbat it could be focused on any point within fifteen or twenty miles, making it light enough so that one could read without other light than this. It has since been finished.

On our way down the mountain we had the novel sensation of passing through a cloud. The mist grew so thick that we could not see objects only a few feet distant, and when we emerged our clothes were covered with glistening drops of water which looked like frost.

There are wagon roads, such as they are, all over this mountain region. They have been constructed solely for the use of the hotel guests. Some are old turn-pikes laid out in the eighteenth century, and they are much in the same condition now that they were then. Long wagon loads of tourists are met, dashing madly along these rocky roads, and now and then a serious accident occurs.

Altogether, the White Mountains are worth going miles to see. Scores of thousands of tourists visit the region every summer from all parts of our own land and from regions beyond the sea. The almost infinite variety of scenery to be found here gives this region a perennial interest, even to those who have visited more famous mountain lands.

A WAIL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW STAFF.

Does the retiring staff feel bad? Not overwhelmingly so, for how could it ever get along without its poet who has gone west for paltry money's sake to keep books for a mere railroad contractor. Ye newly elected staff now

Tune your mournful lyre
For your poet full of fire
Has deserted you for hire.
He has buckled on the harness
Along with Ole Arness.
And your gatherer of news
Has determined now to use
His time in a new scheme,
'Tis his graduating theme.
And the old staff now must part,
As from Rostrum one does start,
For it's surely lost it's Hart.

* * *

Rostrum.

The series of rhetoricals preceding the present series were in charge of Mr. Mitchell, and consisted of selections from Ruskin's "Modern Painters." We quote a few of the thoughts set forth:

"I think that all sources of pleasure or any other good, to be derived from works of art, may be referred to five distinct heads:

1. Ideas of Power—The perception or conception of the mental or bodly powers by which the work has been produced.

2. Ideas of Imitation—The perception that the thing produced resembles something else.

3. Ideas of Truth—The perception of faithfulness in a statement of facts by the thing produced.

4. Ideas of Beauty—The perception of beauty, either in the thing produced or in what it suggests or resembles.

5. Ideas of Relation –The perception of intellectual relations in the thing produced, or in what it suggests or resembles."

Speaking further of the Ideas of Relation, which he considers the most important ones, he says: "By the term 'ideas of relation,' then, I mean in future to express all those sources of pleasure which involve and require, at the instant of their perception, active exertion of the intellectual powers."

"The picture which has the nobler and more numerous ideas, however awkwardly expressed, is a greater and a better picture than that which has the less noble and less numerous ideas, however beautifully expressed. No might, nor mass, nor beauty of execution can outweigh one grain or fragment of thought."

"Painting, or art generally, as such, with all its technicalities, difficulties, and particular ends, is nothing but a noble and expressive language, invaluable as the vehicle of thought, but by itself nothing."

The rhetoricals were excellent but required close attention in order to be comprehended. Such readings make the pupils concentrate their energies if they wish to gain anything from them.

* * *

The present readings are taken from John Fiske's "Myths and Mythmakers," and are among the most interesting we have had for some time—as they must be, coming from the pen of Fiske. The author's idea seems to be to show that the old myths which are found in all parts of the world, are, in reality, a kind of unwritten history commemorating some natural event. This myth being repeated from generation to generation comes to vary in some respects, especially as to the geography and time, but the main facts still remain the same.

He also distinguishes between myths and legends. The latter are told of one or two individuals only, and are known in limited areas, while the myth as before stated is almost world-wide.

The readings remind us of the part of Donnelly's book "Ragnarok," in which he shows the similarity of the myths of all countries. However, he shows that the majority of them refer to the collision of the earth with a comet, while Fiske *probably* does not draw such conclusions.

We look forword with pleasure to the remainder of the readings.

* * *

Friday, April 7, Dr. Ridpath, of Indiana, visited the school and occupied the last hour of the morning session by giving a part of his lecture "The Place of the Individual in History." We give a few of the thoughts he presented.

He said two views prevailed among historians regarding the relation the individual sustained to history. One was that man made history, the other that man was the product of history; that the events of history were shaped by a power independent of the individual. He selected many particular events and characters from history, and first presented the argument to support one view, then the other.

Cæsar was an important factor in history, a man with great power and influence. At

the head of a great army he conquered nations and invaded territories; he greatly extended the territory of Rome, modified the government and its institutions, and changed the history of Rome. But on the other hand, what would Cæsar have been without a powerful and well disciplined army, without nations to conquer and territory to invade? Did not his early training, his environments, the condition of Rome and the surrounding nations make it possible for Cæsar to play the part in history that he did? So with Columbus, Napoleon and all great men in history.

He brought out strong and logical arguments in support of both views, but the time being limited he had to break off abruptly without a full discussion, and it was not quite clear what his own view was, but he seemed to incline to the belief that the individual was not the maker of history, but a mere cell in the organic body of history.

* * *

On the evening of April 14th, Supt. Seal, of Morrison county, delivered a very entertaining address before the Normal Literary Society, on "Orators and Oratory." The following is a brief synopsis of his address:

"Orators are born, and not the artificial product of education and training. Though these may help, they cannot make the orator. An orator should have a clear, well-modulated voice, clear and distinct articulation, a heart that feels and a tongue that fires. He must have wide knowledge and be well versed in laws of rhetoric. The audience must have the same feeling as the orator. The thought must increase in intensity as the oration progresses. He must hold the audience from beginning to end, and as the turbulent Atlantic is tossed and swayed by the elements, so must the orator sway his audience. Seldom do we find all the essentials of an orator combined in one man. Demosthenes, the world's greatest orator, possessed to a greater degree than any other man the essentials of an orator. His eloquence was heard throughout the world and will always continue to reverberate. St. Chrysostom was the greatest pulpit orator the world has produced. How his eloquence fired the soul and filled the heart with noble aspirations! Who could measure the power and influence for good of his eloquence!"

He spoke of Roman, English and American orators, the influence they had among the people, and how their eloquence aided in shaping the history of nations.

Literary Society.

A president and vice-president were elected at the last regular business meeting. The election was unusually exciting, as there were a number of candidates for each office. Several ballots were cast before anyone received a majority. Mr. W. E. Johnson was finally declared elected president, and Miss Bessie Cambell vice president.

For several reasons the society has thought it best to revise the constitution, and a committee has been appointed for that purpose. The committee has examined the constitution and made some important changes in it. The changes and suggestions will be submitted to the society for approval or rejection at the next regular business meeting. Further particulars can then be given.

On the evening of April 14, the society and its friends were pleasantly entertained by Mr. Seal, the county superintendent of Morrison county. Mr. Seal spoke upon the subject of "Orators and Oratory." A more lengthy noticce of the lecture appears in another part of the paper. The society provided some excellent music for the occasion. Two of the selections are especially worthy of mention; the song, by Mr. Wisely, was very much enjoyed. Mr. Wasson, a former student, rendered a guitar solo which was heartily encored.

Exchanges.

We are glad to note the improvement of

the "Wasp," in size, quality of paper, and motto.

The "Academic," St. Albans, Vt., is a new-comer. Its exchange column is exceptionally good.

"Does a classical education pay the average man?" by Prof. M. L. D'ooge, L. L. D., of the "U" of Michigan, is a valuable article in the "Helios" for March.

"Although a column and a half is devoted to exchanges in the NORMALIA, St. Cloud, not one school paper is mentioned therein." —High School Register, Omaha. We confess that at first we used clippings to a great extent, but for several issues we have devoted our column exclusively to comments upon the various exchanges. Perhaps the Register has not received our paper regularly.

We call the attention of all exchange editors to the exchange column of the High School Observer, Minneapolis, for March. The editor has hit the nail on the head, and we heartily applaud.

The Carletonian comes out in its spring garb—new volume, new cover, new staff.

The High School Observer devotes too much space, we think, to *nonsensical* locals and personals. They may be very entertaining to those interested, but they certainly are not so interesting to strangers.

Edward Everett Hale says that he missed reading the first six books of Virgil, but one Sunday afternoon, just before his college examinations, seated upon the ridge-pole of the house, he read them through in Latin. The class of '93 may be interested to know that if he ascended to that ridge-pole at one o'clock and remained there until six he must have read on an average nearly seventeen lines a minute.—Ex.

We were informed the other day by the most reliable authority, that the historic walls of Jerusalem were fairly covered with hand bills and posters advertising the Chicago Fair! Just think of it! We thought it innovation enough to have railroads running through the Holy Land, but this seems well-nigh incredible.—Ex.

Y. W. C. A.

No action, whether foul or fair,
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere
A record written by fingers ghostly,
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly
In the greater weakness or greater strength
Of acts which follow it; till at length
The wrongs of ages are redressed,
And the justice of God made manifest.
—H. W. Longfellow.

As small letters hurt the sight, so do small matters hurt him that is too much intent upon them; they stir up anger, which begets an evil habit in him in reference to greater affairs.—Plutarch.

It is not good to live in jest, since we must die in earnest.—Whichcote.

If we magnify the faults of another, we lower ourselves in doing so. We stoop while using the microscope.—Nichols.

Go wake the seeds of good asleep
Throughout the world.
—Robert Browning.

A lantern in the hand is worth a dozen stars. Be a lantern, then, with all your might.—E. M. Baker.

All who joy would win
Must share it; happiness was born a twin.
—Byron.

If all men's sins were divided into two bundles, half of them would be sins of the tongue. "If any man offend not in the word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body."—John Ploughman.

The serene, silent beauty of a holy life is the most powerful influence in the world next to the might of God.—Pascal.

What's left undone today
Tomorrow will not do.—Goethe.

Appreciative words are jewels, rescued from the yesterday's of life, that shall be set in crowns of glory in that upper and better world.—Aughey.

Alumni.

Arthur Dunton spent his vacation in St. Cloud, Atwater and Clearwater. He is attending Carleton college this year.

Melville C. Whitney, ex-superintendent of Sherburne county, was among the visitors at the Normal school April 27.

Geo. W. Vogel is making preparations to go west and engage in the fascinating business of gold mining.

Miss Etta Barnes, '87, teaching at Minneapolis; Miss Emily Fiske, '93, teaching at Duluth; Miss Jean Ralston, from Litchfield; and Pitt Colgrove, '93, who is teaching at Elk River, visited the Normal school March 27.

Miss Luthey and Miss Mabel Rich spent March 24th and 25th in Monticello.

Miss Jessie Kenyon has resigned her position in the St. Charles schools on account of poor health.

Misses Jennie McConnell, Duluth; Jennie Oas, Minneapolis; Della Whittemore, Elk River; Zadie Wedgewood, Glencoe; Jessie Morgan and Mary Wedgewood, Ashby, came to see us recently.

Miss Carrie Colburn, '88, has spent the winter in Denver. The health-giving climate of Colorado has many charms for her.

Laura and Bruce Walker are teaching in Milwaukee, Wis. It is supposed that they are fast becoming proficient in the use of the German language. They spent the spring vacation at their home in Detroit City, Minn.

Personals.

Your honor, Judge Ulmer.

Clark Carhart left recently for North Dakota with a surveying party.

Mr. Copenhaver has left school and will go to Virginia for his health.

Miss Della Knudson has left school, but intends to be back in a short time.

Miss Anna Hedman has accepted a school near Battle Lake, Minn.

Mr. Zeck is teaching at Victoria, Wright county. He will return next year and graduate.

Miss Tomlinson, '93, is teaching in the city schools.

Miss Etta Barnes, '88, now teaching in Minneapolis, visited old friends of the city and school during the week beginning March 25.

Mr. Johnsrud, '92, writes: "Of course, I can't be without the NORMALIA," and sends fifty cents for a renewal.

Both Mr. Shoemaker and Mr. Wisely have lectured lately before the Mankato Normal school; the former before the school, the latter before the literary society.

Pres. Carhart recently delivered a lecture before the students of Carlton college.

Miss May Fitzgerald, '92, resigned her position at Crookston to accept a position in the schools of Minneapolis.

Mr. Shoemaker's family has removed to Maine Prairie where they intend to pass the summer, Mr. S. knowing from experience that farming is good for the health.

Miss Laura Hart, '93, took the teacher's examination at Minneapolis, March 27. Her friends will be gratified to learn that she received a mark of 100 per cent. for *singing* the scale.

Pres. Carhart has lately been visiting the schools of the state in the interests of the Normal school.

One of the young ladies in the graduating class wishes to engage a young man to hold her hand after the arrival of her class ring. A weighty matter is the cause.

Mr. Mitchell has blossomed out on a brand new "Columbia," and he is a mark for many an admiring eye as he skins o'er the campus. He is now in training for the great contest with Miss Peabody, which will take place soon after the arrival of her wheel.

Later—It has arrived.

Messrs. Arness and Smart left recently

for the eastern part of S. D. in the capacity of bookkeepers for Riley & Co., railroad contractors. Mr. Arness has lately been reported sick.

Miss Swift, who has been ill at the hospital for some time, we are glad to note has sufficiently recovered to leave for her home near Fergus Falls.

Miss Campbell has been appointed postmistress at the Normal.

Arthur Dunton, '90, now of Carleton college, has been elected to a position on the staff of "The Carletonian." Normal talent is recognized wherever it goes.

Locals.

Who said it snowed?

Why did it snow?

And the snow it sneweth every day.

Mr. Mitchell got the wrong proportion in compounding the next day's weather; result, thirty inches of snow. If he does it again, we'll send him to Indiana.

Arbor Day was observed with appropriate exercises in the hall and on the grounds.

The Atheletic club has elected officers: Geo. Woodworth, Pres.; Rob. Jerrard, Vice Pres.; Geo. Butler, Sec.; Mr. Miller, Treas. Committees have been appointed for the purpose of arranging a program for field day.

The graduating class met together for a social evening April 15. The evening was spent in playing games. Refreshments were served, and all reported a good time.

The subscribers of the NORMALIA, at this school, recently elected a new staff whose names will appear on the first page of the next issue.

The class of '93, the World's Fair Class, has adopted for its motto the following: *Qui non proficit, deficit*—he who does not advance, goes backward. The class colors are those of last year's Junior class—light and dark green. They have also decided to get rings. Mr. Jerrard, the class poet, is preparing the epic, and Miss Cramb, the prophet, is consulting the oracle for the destiny of the individuals of the class.

Those of our readers who are to visit the World's Fair may perhaps be interested in reading Director-general Davis' article in the North American Review for April, entitled: "Charges at the World's Fair."

Gov. Nelson, in pruning the appropriation bill passed by the legislatere, saw fit to chop off the appropriation of $12,000 to this school which was for the purpose of beginning the north wing.

Ask Mr. Wisely, "Who in the shooting tournament of April 1st was declared the better shot?" Mr. Mitchell says that all the *blanks* in the record were in favor of Mr. Wisely.

Those who read at Commencment and their themes are: Miss Alice Hayward, "The Growth and Development of the Normal School"; Miss Hattie Dewart, "Habit"; Miss Maud Amonson, "The Value of the Common School Curriculum"; Miss Gertrude Earhart, "The Evolution of An Idea"; and Mr. Thos. H. Grosvenor, "For None of Us Liveth to Himself, and no Man Dieth to Himself".

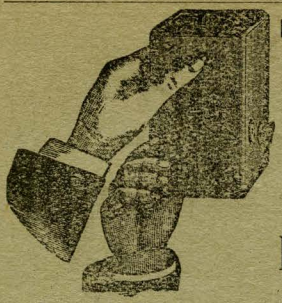
The graduating class have decided to go to Brigg's Lake for a day's outing, a week or two before Commencment.

If the balmy spring ever reaches us giving the boy's a chance to practice, they hope to resurrect the almost defunct but still breathing Athleties, and to celebrate the restoration appropriately on Field day. May all previous records be smashed to smithereens.

It may be consoling to the Botany class to know that just before the storm a solitary Crocus had succeeded in rearing its head above earth's wintry bosom. But, Alas! It was a flower born to blush unseen, and to waste it's sweetness in a snowbank fifteen feet deep.

If Rider Haggard were Lew Wallace and Lew Wallace were Rider Haggard what would "She" have been?

"She" would have "Ben Hur" of course.



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Minneapolis	4:55	6:30	8:35	5:30
St. Cloud	7:15	11:50	11:07	8:22
Little Falls	8:20	1:00pm	12:15am	9:25
Brainerd				10:30

GOING EAST.

Leave.	Limited.			
Brainerd.		†5:30am		
Little Falls	*8:15 am	6:30	*3:00am	‡2:20pm
St. Cloud	9:15	7:40	4:07	3:20
Minneapolis	11:45pm	10:00	6:30	6:00
St. Paul	12:15	10:30	7:05	6:30

*Daily via Staples. †Daily except Sunday to and from Brainerd. ‡Daily except Sunday via Staples.

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